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INVASION;

A DESCRIPTIVE & SATIRICAL

POEM.

BY J. AMPHLETT.

Ha ! thou hast rous'd
The Lion in his den ; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar !



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P R E F A C E.

—ooo—

THE delay of the publication of the following poem has arisen from a variety of causes, which would appear frivolous, if not impertinent, were they detailed to the public; and if those ladies and gentlemen, who have done me the honour of putting down their names for copies of the work, will be pleased to accept of this general excuse, I do not consider myself accountable to any others on *this point*. Had it not been for the solemn promise I had made to them, those causes which so long deferred its publication, might probably for ever have prevented its appearance.

It is too late in the day of enthusiasm; every bookseller's shop is loaded with works of a similar nature, which may be traced from the first wits of the time down to the most illiterate bellman.— History, ancient and modern, has been ransacked for examples, and every “petty pelting” pamphleteer has danced on the plains of Marathon, and disputed the straits of Thermopylæ; it is even impossible to bring forward any quotation, that breathes a spark of public spirit, but what has been exhibited to every eye and sounded on every ear. The poor Corsican has been opposed and exposed; Cæsared, Cromwelled, and Alexandered, till it is impossible to attach anything more to his picture that is abhorrent, or add anything that is contemptible.

Some objection may be made to a work of this kind, as describing an event that has not taken place, but which the evidence of every day continues to render more probable. I am not going to enforce, or combat this opinion—it is too wide a field to be beaten in a preface: were I to wait until the event actually transpired, I might wait a longer time than would be suitable with the impatience of a young author, or I might fall in the field of honour, unknown and unsung ! On this view, chances are against me, and with due deference to the goddess of egotism, the numerous readers of this *writing* and *fighting* island might be robbed of a poem, with the merits of which, probably *half the world* will never be acquainted ! Again, of the probabilities or improbabilities of this Corsican and his train crossing the

channel, I have little to do: let it be remembered I land them in poetry, by way of giving them a fair trial; as many at least as would be consistent, without renewing the age of miracles.

It is not expected that a work of this kind should develope every military manœuvre that might be practised in an invasion; in this case all the rant of rhyme and vision of verse, might have dwindled into one see-saw of eternal technicals. Those who are of the Darwinian school, may lament this absence of science; but perhaps it would not be characteristic; John Bull is a straight forward fellow in these matters, and an entire subjection to rule might repress the ardour it directed.

Perhaps there never was a stronger instance of unanimity in a nation, than this threatened invasion has given rise to: it has awakened the energies and developed the genius of our isle; it has eclipsed the parade of our enemies; it has strengthened our confidence in ourselves. The few solitary instances of individual depravity and intellectual debasement, discover the ardour which prevails in all ranks, by the abhorrence they excite; and will remain a conspicuous remembrancer of the degree to which the force of prejudice can arise, and the hatred of party descend.

There are some men, in all professions, who seem to live but in extremes, and when anything is going forward, they must be the “all-directing” hand, or no hand at all. There is another class of

men that presents a fastidious cast of character, which approves of nothing to which *any* objection can be made; and who, in proportion as their aid is solicited, rise in their own importance, and therefore are not to be entrapped by courtesy, nor hoped for from correctness.

The opinion of the French nation on this mighty enterprize, is not to be collected from the contemptible clamour of its senate, nor the vapid and distempered boasting of its journals: it is silence, in a despotic state, which speaks its grief; and France must behold, with pain she dare not express, her heroes about to be sacrificed, in a mad and undigested attempt of invasion, in which, before it succeed, she must lose that power which would be necessary to defend the accession of territory she was about to gain.

Let their hero come: let him attempt the conquest, but let him pay the price; he has engaged in no common enterprize. We might apply an old proverb, which the French make use of when any body attempts a great undertaking, *to him* perhaps with more justice than it was ever applied before—

Il a la mer a boire.

Napoleone will excuse the liberty I have taken of conquering him in verse, before he has actually made the descent; I am satisfied *so far* as having done my duty as a poet; and if he make the attempt, and is not treated nearly in the same manner which I have predicted, let him say *I am no conjurer!*

The poem, in other respects, can have no claims, except to rank among the ob-

lition-winged productions of the times, being oppressed with a subject which must cease to be interesting with the noise that gave it birth.

As a faint sketch of the ardour and animation of the times, the author submits it to the public perusal; without either the whine of affected modesty, or the defiance of arrogant conceit.

INVASION.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Different humours of the muse—Invasion—French legislature
—Specimens of French eloquence—French fops—French
heroes—French dreams—Morning—Proclamation—Pros-
pects of peace—English volunteers—Glance at the last
war—Proceedings of France during the last war—Parallel
of this country and France.

—000—

HER varied lyre the muse has often strung,
And, as by diff'rent humours bent, has sung;
By turns her ever-varying numbers flow,
In endless themes of whim, and wit, and woe.
Whim be my choice, with here and there a shade
Of graver thought, to give its moral aid:

For wit, I own it not, and have not time
To leash it in the hue-and-cry of rhyme ;
I yield it all to you, ye prosing elves ;
Those who expect it here have none themselves.

INVASION ! in that word what prospects
break !

Glow in the brave, and tremble in the weak :
Forbid it freedom, for the spot is thine,
And soft humanity with mien divine ;
And private virtue that life's clamour shuns ;
And population with her thousand sons ;
And NATURE, true to her unerring plan,
And ev'ry virtue that is dear to man !

Giant conception ! wonder not that France,
Swell'd at the thought, delirious should advance ;
Wave her proud streamers to the wanton wind,
And leave her shores and common sense behind.
Big with debate, behold her councils meet,
And in unwonted haste each other greet ;
Tremendous works without delay began,
As through the tribe the wild infection ran ;

Danger and death in ev'ry sentence broke,
 Destruction in a thousand voices spoke ;
 Glow'd in each phrase as diff'rent members rose,
 Open'd each speech and rounded in its close. .

At length the Consul, rising from his chair,
 With thoughtful brow and eye bedimm'd with
 care,
 Waving his hand, each busy tongue restrain'd,
 And death-like silence in his presence reign'd.
 " The die is cast ! and England is no more ;
 She trembles from her centre to her shore ;
 Her flag, that hurl'd defiance o'er the seas,
 Waves its last honours to the idle breeze ;
 In peace profound her former hirelings lie,
 Or with resentment round our standards fly ;
 Alone she stands her vassal lines to form,
 Nor dreams of foul defeat, nor heeds the storm.
 Ill-fated pow'r ! by blind ambition led
 To dare the threaten'd thunder o'er her head.
 Still in her mem'ry do no actions rise—
 Marengo's feats ! yet dazzling in her eyes ;

And alpine deeds, by beardless youths attain'd,
Distinguish'd as the heights that saw them gain'd;
And will she still, in bold contempt of right,
Unheeding dare us to th' unequal fight?
Then by herself her future fate is sign'd,
And be the mischief to its cause assign'd.
Her tow'ring cities, that invade the sky,
Pronc at their feet a shapeless mass shall lie;
And where the hum of commerce led its train,
Shall dark despair and hateful silence reign;
Oblivion o'er the scene her shroud shall throw,
And reptiles there shall live, and grass shall
grow;
The trav'ler there shall stand in musing state,
And learn some moral lesson from her fate;
Justice, with even hand, now marks her doom,
And commerce on her ruins long shall bloom."
The mighty consul then resum'd his chair,
And peals of thund'ring plaudits rent the air;
Quick through the senate ran the ardent flame,
Which, if not courage, something much the
same:

Great deeds they plann'd, as o'er the world
they stalk'd,

And much they threaten'd and still more they
talk'd ;

Scurrility in low and witless gibe,
Smiling with self-conceit, harang'd the tribe ;
Hurl'd at John Bull, his bluntness to traduce,
Her string of epithets and quaint abuse.

And declamation in a heat arose,
Whose eloquence a rapid torrent flows ;
Bursts o'er the bounds of argument and sense,
And scorns the sordid rule and critic fence.
“ What,” in a rage she cries, while round her
clung,

Fanatics wild in wrapt attention hung,
“ Shall this rude northern isle of doubtful line,
*On which the sun scarce condescends to shine,**
Delirious with vain-glory, madly boast
Her wither'd honours and her puny host ;

* I am indebted for this pretty conceit to one of the French
legislators ;—nobody else would ever have thought of it.

And, in the effervescence of her pride,
Our countless troops and boundless sway deride?
And shall not France to shield her glory arm,
Draw her indignant sword and break the charm?"
Applause impatient bellow'd from the crew ;
The clamour thro' the crowd like light'ning flew,
Which now dispersing, spread th' electric fire ;
Their leaders to digest their plans retire.

WAR is the word that sounds from ev'ry part,
Glows on the tongue, but flutters in the heart ;
Each fopling, on young cupid's wars intent,
Thickens his rouge and talks of a *descent* ;
The beau must now, to please his warlike fair,
Sigh his sweet things in letters " d'Angleterre ;"
But much I fear, before he win his dame,
Some sad mishap may chance to *damp* his flame.
Each dashing belle promotes the cause of arms,
And, with sweet promises, reserves her charms,
For those who bear, the treach'rous ocean o'er,
The " destinies" of France to Britain's shore ;
But those who bear them, prophetlings will say,
Unwittingly may leave them on the way.

The sun, now o'er the western world took flight,
Ting'd with his faintest red the cheek of night ;
As though she blush'd for deeds her empire knew,
Which gloom and midnight silence only view.
Parisian wits now o'er their bottles meet,
And, brave with wine, the British navies beat ;
Here, war they make, and mighty kings de-
throne,
Upheld by rage, and *spirits* not their own ;
Here let them burn and sink us to their fill,
This is the only way they ever will !
Woe to Britannia ! when she fears the hit
Of foolscap fighting and Parisian wit ;
Her sons, unrivall'd as her tow'ring oaks,
Regard alike their cannon and their jokes.

Dazzled by prospects of alluring shape,
Hot with vain-glory and the “ Tuscan grape,”
Homewards at length they reel by Morpheus led,
And stagg'ring with their honours, creep to bed.
Sleep to their heated brains her respite throws,
From drowsy day-dreams to disturb'd repose ;

Fancy, her visionary aid t' impart,
Led to the subject at each Frenchman's heart ;
And straight, as though she'd caught, at Bacchus'
call,
The giddy spirit of the ev'ning's brawl,
Sketch'd, with her nervous pencil dipp'd in wine,
The curve ungraceful, and disjointed line,
Of broken masts and slaughter-crimson'd decks,
Of broken battlements and shapeless wrecks,
With British standards bow'd to Gallic might,
And ocean's tyrant tumbled from his height.
These are the conquests Frenchmen oft devise,
And here they always bear away the prize ;
Half this world's glory is an idle dream ;
Bright in imagination all things seem :
Fair rise our future prospects to the view,
Chang'd their dark bound'ries and their earthly
hue ;
Hope points enchanted to her fav'rite scene,
And fancy paints it in eternal green.
Here, Gauls, ye build your castles in the air,
That live in fancy's eye, and only there ;

Reason disowns the plan of your descent,
The hateful motive, and abhor'd intent :
A dream, conceiv'd in mad ambition's brain,
For which must France yet mourn her heroes
slain ;
A dream for which her future sons shall weep,
A dream that's rounded by eternal sleep.*

Aurora now with check of rosy red,
Threw back the crimson curtains of her bed ;
Like a new bride, whose deep'ning tints adorn
The rising honours of the blushing morn.
Each Gaul who revell'd in th' illusive fight,
With doubtful courage gazes on the light ;
And as new rays upon his visions beam,
E'en shakes with fear at what he dar'd to dream.
The sun, as though the mists of doubt t' absorb,
Untended, now roll'd on his flaming orb ;

* The reader will remember that "eternal sleep" is the doctrine and death of Frenchmen.

And with all-seeing splendor, far and wide
Pour'd o'er the scene his life-renewing tide:
His heat again their dubious projects form'd,
Dispell'd their fears, their yielding valour
warm'd;

Reviv'd ambition o'er her half-form'd breed,
Brooding in thought on many a daring deed;
Fann'd the chill fires that youthful heroes claim,
And rais'd their smoke quick kindling into flame;
Ardour, which day-light only can supply,
When ev'ry spark can see his road to fly!

Hark! 'tis the drum that beating calls to arms,
And spreads around its tremulous alarms;
'Tis the loud cry of war the fiends renew,
And France proclaims it to her vassal crew.
" Heroes of deathless actions, sons of fame,
Your chief (and England trembles at his name)
Calls you again to scenes where glory stands,
And smiling woos your ever-conq'ring bands:
So shall the wreath her golden fingers twine,
Snatch from the wreck of things your deeds
divine;

Give to the self-proclaiming scroll of fame,
Each gallant action and its hero's name.
England, the scourge of freedom and of right,
Dares, single-handed, to sustain the fight ;
She, who the faith of nations holds as nought,
She, who your country's subjugation sought ;
Whose arms your infant liberties appall'd ;
Who from his gloom each petty tyrant call'd ;
Rous'd in each state the foul invading foe,
And at the heart of freedom aim'd the blow :
She 'tis with whom you're destin'd to contend,
And heaven and justice shall your arms befriend ;
Fortune for you reserves th' immortal deed,
And truth and virtue shall award the meed.
To her own shores our vengeance you will bear,
And her own sons in her own empire dare ;
Snatch her proud banners from their boasted
height,
Now waving on the verge of endless night ;
Eclipse at once her glory and her fame,
And from the list of nations strike her name.
The task is great and great be the reward,
Which love shall give and gratitude record :

Here shall the toil of war and peril cease ;
 Here ye shall give the wearied world to peace ;
 A peace that Britain's haughty king shall seek ;
— If peace, he shall not have the pow'r to break !

3

To arms then Frenchmen, to your glory true,
 Europe's insulted sons appeal to you ;
 Our see no more their purchas'd vows receives ;
 The world no more her sly art deceives ;
 Each state indignant spurns her iron reign ;
 Old ocean groans beneath her galling chain.
 Her tyrant arm extends to either pole,
 Far as the lands arise — “ Europe roll ! ”
 'Tis yours ber to bring the cause to date,
 And in thine hands mark her awful fate.
 The world with grief beheld is your toils renew,
 Yet turns its hopeless and eyes on you ;
 The hearts of thousands who the strife abhor,
 And beauty's pray'rs go with you to the war ;
 Mild peace, whose blessings all benignant bless,
 Rests her pure empire on your wish'd success :

The meek, humane, whose hearts for others
bleed,
Weep the dire means, but smiling hail the deed.
What though your see her countless navy boast,
And her troop'd gentlemen, a perfum'd host;
Science and art the former may defy,
The latter at your glitt'ring arms will fly ;
Nor dare the rude encounter to withstand,
With their begilded gingerbread-like band.
Be this your guide, when blows th' eventful wind,
And bear th' impressive lesson in each mind ;
Your flag once planted on her boasted shore,
Her empire ceases and her reign is o'er ;
Her fleets, that long at France defiance hurl'd,
**SHALL BEAR YOU BACK, THE MONARCHS OF THE
WORLD."**

Thus ends th' inflated word-beridden call ;
A spur to ev'ry greedy gaping Gaul ;
Who, as his tempted flaming fancy led,
Read, and in vision conquer'd as he read.
With death familiar, and innr'd in guile,
These hungry sons of plunder view our isle ;

In fancy, strew with patriot bones our soil,
And calculate in greedy mood their spoil.

O ! blind to reason, and to int'rest deaf,
Prompt they obey their giant-minded chief ;
Adopt his wily arts, time-serving creeds,
And madly follow where the despot leads.
O ! mortals blind to ev'ry future woe,
That oft from visionary conquest flow.
The mind thus by conjectures wild impell'd,
Against its sov'reign reason has rebell'd ;
And by delusive hopes of glory hail'd,
Has rush'd on deeds where valour's self had fail'd.
Frenchmen be wise, nor further dare to roam,
But if you'd keep your glory, keep at home ;
Life is a turnstile, push'd around by pride,
On which with school-boy vanity we ride ;
But he that's by ambition's current blown,
Must by his own velocity be thrown.

In her own strength her weakness France
may see,
What her own sons have conquer'd to be free ;

When round her press'd the proud insulting foe,
Prepar'd to strike th' annihilating blow:
Whose triple banner, waving to the sky,
Menac'd a death more dreadful than to die.
Down drops the nerveless arm of patient toil ;
Th' indignant swain forsakes th' uncultur'd soil ;
Aghast he stands, revolving in his mind
The thousand blissful cares he leaves behind :
Yet pants his heart th' invader to oppose ;
Quick through his veins the crimson current
flows ;
Awakes the daring soul that heeds not rest,
And nature (sacred power) in his breast ;
Kindles the glow her faithful fires supply,
Lights up defiance in his rolling eye ;
As o'er his native fields, from plunder free,
Fields that, alas, he never more may see ;
Erect and thoughtful, but without dismay,
Silent he bends his ruminating way.

The wav'ring sceptic and the devotee,
Here, and here only, for awhile agree ;

Discordant polities will here unite,
And wrangling jesuits forget their spite :
Th' inspiring call bids lesser int'rests cease,
And jarring passions stills awhile to peace ;
Dispels suspicion,—man in man confides,
One motive prompts them, and one int'rest
guides :
Their wives, their homes, they rally to defend,
And in the gen'rous deed alone contend ;
Rush where grim death his thirsty poignard
laves,
And carnage wild his crimson banner waves ;
Fill the devoted ranks where thousands fall,
With courage terror's self cannot appal ;
Till fell invasion sees his baffled train,
Enfeebled, rally o'er their comrades slain ;
And viewing round no prospect but defeat,
Reluctant sounds the signal for retreat.

Now like a torrent bursts the patriot band,
And pours resistless o'er the blood-stain'd land ;
With many a mangled corse the prospect strews,
As slaughter, vengeance-wing'd, the foe pursues ;

Nor yield the warm pursuit, nor cease their toil,
While their foul banner waves upon the soil.

The horde dispers'd, and o'er each fertile
plain,
Sweet peace again extends her heav'nly reign;
The stripling bold that dar'd the doubtful fight,
Thinks on his distant home with new delight:
Each friend belov'd with open arms shall fly,
And gratitude shall greet him in each eye:
His blushing fair preserv'd, devoid of guile,
A thousand tender meanings in her smile,
Shall hail the martial youth, and well repay
The toils and dangers of th' eventful day.
The wit, the churl, the fribble and the beau,
The times had organiz'd,—a motley show;
Their ire appeas'd, with keener zest return
To laugh, to snarl, to babble, and to burn:
And party's watchful slaves,—a wrangling crew,
Their wonted sports resume, their toils renew;
Enjoy the task their rulers to arraign,
Their right, hereditary,—to complain!

So conquer'd France when nature's force
prevail'd,
And man the heav'n-decided conquest hail'd ;
And shall Britannia, when her foes advance,
In virtue or in valour yield to France ?
With cow'ring spirit, her lov'd laws resign
To alien hands, at power's bloody shrine ?
Accept with sunken eye, from discord's crew,
The changeling codes that blood and rapine
drew ?
Accurs'd the tongue that tells the damning
sound,
And spreads the doubtful influence around ;
Has she forlorn yct left no guardian friend,
No sons to fight, no daughters to defend ?
Yes ! and while freedom *one lone corner gives*,
Or aught of virtue or of valour lives ;
No foul invader here his sway shall boast,
No foreign banner wave upon our coast ;
No tongue th' usurper's praises here shall sound,
No venal bards nor perjur'd priests be found,
To hail in abject strains a tyrant's birth ;
Insulting heaven and enslaving earth.

O ! who that's cheer'd by reason's radiant beam,
Did e'er of Gauls and subjugation dream ?
Yield our lov'd native isle and beauty's charms,
To fell misrule, and servile Frenchmen's arms ?
Bow to a realm of fops in valour's field ?
To mere politeness and pomatum yield ?
Yes ! when fell slaughter through our ranks has
hewn,
And our lov'd fields with bleeding heroes strown ;
When, faithful to their soil, our bones remain ;
Rot in the sea, or whiten on the plain ;
And nought awaits the victor's eye to cheer,
But hills of crimson hue and valleys drear ;
One joyless waste that mute to Heav'n com-
plains,
Where silence, wrapt in gloom, for ever reigns .
Then may proud France her hateful banner rear,
And, unresisted, wield the sceptre here ;
Tell to the weeping world, her ruffian crew
Had slain the heroes they could not subdue !

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

General state of Europe—Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Prussia, Russia—England—Her warlike attitude—Parties—Glance at the preparations of France—Review of the army of England—French generals—Bonaparte—Council of Officers—Alarm—Glance at the gun-boats—Forebodings—Eastern winds—Muster—French lovers—Embarkation—Voyage—Imagination—Bonaparte and his attendants—Sound of cannon—Morning—The left wing engaged with a British squadron—Disembarkation—Reception—Alarm.

—000—

A FATAL peace o'er trembling Europe reigns,
And silent thought sits brooding on her plains ;
Germannia, yet with recent struggles warm,
Views with desponding eye th'impending storm .

Coop'd in the straggling forts her victors fell,
Remorseless left of other times to tell ;
Sad she awaits from Heav'n its fix'd decree,
Her chains to rivet or her sons to free.

Batavia, hapless pow'r ! that sore opprest,
'Mid the dread clangor sighs in vain for rest.
Helvetia brave, in numbers only weak,
Views, with the blush yet deep'ning on her cheek,

The foe stride onwards with resistless might,
Colossus-like, o'er reason and o'er right.
The proud Castilian sees his haughty king
The knee incline, the servile off'ring bring ;

Pause to comply, refusing but to yield,
And his own sceptre's shade supinely wield :
And Rome, that once her matchless legions
train'd,

Where polish'd arts and radiant science reign'd ;
By sloth unmerv'd, in night profound reclines,
Where hope ne'er flatters, reason never shines ;
Save with it's faintest gleam, that dimly shows

The darkling clouds that fate around her throws ;
And Fred'rick's martial sons, a pow'rful band,
In mystic policy observant stand ;

Nor aught the hungry tyrant wills, arraign ;
Nor boldly threat, nor peacefully complain ;
Unmov'd spectators of each trembling throne ;
Of kingdoms conquer'd and of states o'erthrown.

The northern Bear in hoary mantle sleeps,
Where civil life, like sol, but faintly peeps ;
Secure 'mid barrenness, despotic reigns,
And views with sated eye his broad domains ;
Extending from Livonia's chilly shores,
Where the imprison'd Baltic ceaseless roars ;
To where the Kamtschadale, in wint'ry gloom
Inhales thick volumes of celestial fume ;*

* The Kamtschadale has no idea of any pleasure superior to that of smoking; he has therefore given this amusement to his deity, whom he is taught to consider as a squat, jolly old man, who smokes his pipe, sits in his *trainneau*, and employs himself in hunting beavers and martins. He looks forward to a future life as a consummation of all earthly delights,—the enjoyment of a sledge that never wants mending, and a pipe that is never out.

Vide—Description des peuples soumis à la Russie.

From where the weary winding Wolga surays,
And tribute to the lonely Caspian pays ;
To Zembla's glitt'ring hills and icy straits,
Where solitude on desolation waits ;
One chequer'd waste of faintly cultur'd fields,
That nought for pleasure or for plunder yields ;
That no invader tempts, aught to forego
For icy-vested vales or hills of snow.

One pow'r alone her standard dares to rear,
And check the tyrant in his mad career ;
To call her sons from peace and beauty's arms,
To war's tremendous din of dread alarms.
BRITAIN ! sole barrier of Gallic sway !
Britain, whom rude and polish'd climes obey ;
Sun of this sad, and else-benighted world,
Round whose bar'd arm and banner yet unfurl'd,
Earth's mournful sons in wild confusion press,
And cheering hail, as though from Heav'n,
redress :
Of smiling peace and freedom yet the seat ;
Of arts and civil life the last retreat.

Arm'd at all points she dares the threaten'd blow,
Tells the world's tyrant "*hither shalt thou go.*"
Her glitt'ring arms that seem to wob the fight,
Dazzle the day and scare the silent night ;
Her warlike port and plume that greets the sky,
The fire indignant flashing from her eye,
Inspire, while guarding freedom's sacred dome,
Terror abroad and confidence at home.

See from his task the rustic hero start,
Like the young tiger on his prey to dart ;
From ev'ry city pours the daring host,
And ev'ry village too its train can boast ;
In ev'ry breast the gen'rous ardour glows,
In ev'ry vein the kindling current flows ;
Save, where fell scowling prejudice presides,
Or reason wanders 'neath the lunar tides ;
Or sordid principles usurp the reign,
Or wild ambition tempts his meagre train ;
Or where unblushing party rears her crest,
Scaring each happier feeling from the breast.

Shame on the mind that listless courts its ease,
And the world's foe with frigid calmness sees ;
Views with insulting unconcern, the strife
That threatens all that gives or gladdens life.
Avaunt ye slaves of party's fretful crew,
Who pow'r and rule through thick and thin
pursue ;
And who, to gain the toys that pow'r bestows,
Will truth and falsehood, right and wrong
oppose :
Who, 'gainst the torrent of the patriot storm,
Would senseless stem the cock-boat of reform ;
Yield with remorseless hand what valour gave,
Your country barter and yourselves enslave.
Hence ye unholy crew from honour's post,
And with you, affectation's saintly host ;
With philosophic witchery possess'd,
Doom'd on this goodly earth to hunt for rest ;
A prey to faneied woes and real fears ;
Mocking humanity with lady tears :
Who turn with swelling heart and moisten'd eye,
From snail unhous'd, or persecuted fly ;

Yet view, with nerves compos'd, through op'ra
glass,
Weary and faint the exil'd negro pass.

Avaunt affected foe and frigid friend ;
On her own sons let freedom's cause depend.
Hail heav'nly nymph, of cheering mien divine,
Thine be the danger, and the glory thine.
Britons unaw'd, unaided, guard thy throne,
Prepar'd, with Europe's fate, to risk their own ;
Snatch its lost glories from destruction's brink,
Or with it's sinking liberties to sink !

Meanwhile the foe the mighty task pursues,
And dim-eyed care his thousand plans reviews ;
Big with the enterprize that fame has blown,
Her forests echo and her rivers groan.
The tempting contest, plunder-yielding strife,
Puts by the lesser offices of life :
The deed immortal ev'ry mind enflames,
And ev'ry heart the trembling hope proclaims.

O'er the wide scene the giant labour swells,
Where lynx-eyed circumspection watchful
dwells ;
Ambition lank, that toil nor danger fear'd,
Sits trembling at the monsters he has rear'd ;
Thinks, how those honours that the world
amaz'd,
May perish in the tempest he has rais'd.
Gannt genius bending o'er the midnight oil,
The means devises and directs the toil ;
Acts and reacts the drama's great events
In sham obstructions and in mock descents ;
Rehearsal of a farce, yelept "The Doubt,"
As surely to be damn'd as to come out.

And now the destin'd troops, a chosen host,
By various thoughts employ'd, approach the
coast ;
And ev'ry passing town their fate can tell,
And ev'ry village gives its sad farewell ;
And many a maid that pride had made unkind,
And gave her **bosom's** sorrows to the wind,

With heart quick beating, and with downcast
eye,
Her passion swelling in the rising sigh,
Beholds the favour'd youth, her chilling slight
Had driv'n to seek his fortune in the fight.
Th' appealing eye upbraids the stubborn heart,
That bade him from each happier scene depart,
To dare the rude encounter of the foe,
And danger in a thousand shapes to know :
On the cold earth a heedless corse to lie,
Or wounded, 'mid the happier dead to sigh ;
To draw, in noisome swamps, unwholesome
breath,
'Mid blood, and bones, and rottenness, and
death !
As o'er the dreadful scene his fancy strays,
And mis'ry in its direst shape portrays,
The tear that flow'd, as nature's force prevail'd,
The burning honour in his cheek exhal'd.

The blushing maid no more the sigh suppress'd,
Nor kept the smother'd passion in her breast ;

She bade the hero many a sweet adieu,
And fondly smiling bade the youth be true :
Wish'd, while condemn'd o'er foreign lands to
roam,
His conquest there as easy as at home.

Clad in their costly robes of dread attire,
Death-nodding plumes and helmets all on fire,
The plund'ring band their "doubtful fate"
pursue,
And tremblingly await their—*last review* !

Now ev'ry ear the trump's shrill clangor fills,
And echo tells it to the distant hills ;
The frightful blast heard many a maiden shriek,
And scar'd the blood from many a soldier's
cheek ;
Hi-omen'd note ! remindful of the sound,
When the last trump shall call the nations round ;
Give to the sons of man th' allotted state,
Approv'd by heaven and deereed by fate.

The list'ning drums th' expected signal beat,
And the four winds of heav'n the sound repeat ;
The busy troops the fatal call obey,
And thoughtful to the field direct their way ;
And many a vet'ran there whom vict'ry claim'd,
Foreboding, trembled when the task was nam'd.
Quick from all sides the glitt'ring legions throng,
And music answers as they move along ;
The sun, that in his cloudless chariot shines,
Pours his effulgence on the dazzling lines ;
Which proud, as tho' disdainful of his beam,
To heav'n return the deeply blushing stream.

Hark ! the hoarse trumpet tells their gen'rals
 nigh,
The distant bugle and the drums reply :
Mild truth that vainly steamm'd th' o'erbearing
 flood,
Has told their deeds in characters of blood ;
Mere fragments, that to ruling parties clung,
From revolution's fest'ring hot-bed sprung ;
A motley train of patch'd and perfum'd knaves ;
A band of ruffians 'mid a realm of slaves :

Bubbles, the times have into being blown,
That neither heaven nor earth distinctly own ;
Farrago vile, by Frenchmen only fear'd,
Who blindly boast the wooden gods they rear'd.

And now the deep-mouth'd thund'ring can-
nou's roar,
Cleaves the wide air, and rolls along the shore ;
The deaf'ning peal loud o'er the valley flies,
And mutt'ring'mong the distant mountains, dies :
Their God's inspiring presence it denotes,
And round the whisp'ring information floats ;
He whom surrounding states contend t' obey,
Whose very name spreads terror and dismay ;
Strikes from the maiden's cheek the mantling
hue,
And turns the dimly burning taper blue.
Dread visitant of visionary woe,
That nightly scares the silken sinew'd bean ;
Tremendous shade, exorcist ne'er could lay ;
Goblin, to whom in vain the priests may pray ;
That stalks terrific with its ghostly pow'r,
And harrows those with fear it can't devour.

The nurse that garrulous, in wint'ry night,
Intent her noisy bantling to affright ;
With threat'ning look the ill-ton'd monster bawls,
And loud raw-head and bloody *Bony* calls !
Mammoth of men ! opposing nature's law,
The earth before ne'er bore, the heav'ns ne'er
saw.

On milk-white steed of liquid flowing mane,
Impatient foaming 'neath th' oppressive rein ;
Which bred in Nubian sands outstripp'd the
wind,
And left the light'ning-wing'd Simoon behind,
The stately Consul rides, with thoughtful air,
And wrinkled brow, the seat of endless care ;
Suspicion scowling in the pensive eye,
No cheerful tints illume, no fires supply :
His plain affected vest of simple blue,
No silver beam reflects, no golden hue ;
Sad rayless emblem of the darkling sin,
That reigns, and everlasting reigns, within.

Now round the gloomy Ged, their bane and boast,
Gen'rals and aide-de-camps, a glitt'ring host,
Bending to pow'r, that fashion's fools caress,
In flatt'ry's honied mood officious press ;
With impious praise the worship'd idol ply,
Trouw the false tongue and bend th' insidious eye.
Attention, watchful of his wav'ring mind,
Catches the rising wish yet undefin'd :
His darting eye directs the heralds round,
And o'er the field the panting coursers bound ;
Th' obedient troops the patient ear incline,
And form, in graceful show, th' embattled line ;
Or slow with music-measur'd step advance,
Point the dread bayonet or gleaming lance.
The horn's shrill blast th' enliv'ning clangor
swells,
And to the drums the flying signals tells ;
The drums, quick echoing, the orders beat,
Sound the dread charge or slowly mov'd retreat ;
While the bright swords in mimic battle clash,
And streaming light'nings from th' encounte
flash.

Th' inspiring din the hero's heart inclin'd,
 And stirr'd to action his stupendous mind ;
 His fiery steed inhales the kindling life,
 And prancing pants to join the glorious strife.
 Swift o'er the trembling turf he bounds along,
 And neighs in answer to th' adjacent throng.
 Meanwhile the gen'ral, rousing by the pace,
 The martial ardour bright'ning in his face,
 Bends o'er the scene the quick correcting glance ;
 Halts the throng'd rear, or bids the front advance ;
 While at his heels a motley mantled crew,
 Which, like the comet's tail, their orb pursue :
 Of divers kinds the public clamour claim'd,
 For art profound, or bright invention fum'd :
 A plunder-prompted horde who tempt their fate,
 Unpension'd priests, and counsellors of state ;
 Who leave a power, reluctant they obey,
 In other realms to pilfer and to pray :
 And bishops, that from duty never swerve,
 But, the great pow'r who *made them*, faithful
 serve ;
 With long et-cet'ra's train of paltry slaves,
 Gen'rals unpaid and office-hunting knayes,

The sun, now glancing towards his Thetis'
breast,

Sigh'd to the crimson clouds that skirt the west ;
And straight, as tho' his glowing sides to lave,
Sank in the bosom of the western wave.

The wearied troops the dark'ning skies disperse,
Who, on their dusky way, in thought converse ;
In hungry mood on promis'd pleasures dream,
Scar'd by th' avenging sword's terrific gleam.

Their leaders, whom desponding thoughts
appal,

In fearful haste th' important council call ;
Proclaim the orders to their care consign'd,
That only wait the dread eventful wind,
Which plants their ensign o'er the captive deep,
Or gives them to the arms of endless sleep.
O'er the long coast where swift the signals fly,
Dread apprehension sits, with open eye ;
Alarm with frightful mien expands his lungs,
And rumour answers with her thousand tongues ;
On tiptoe expectation trembling stands,
And terror musters up his ghostly bands.

From the proud shores of fleet-encircled
Brest,
That veils her bosom from the am'rous west ;
Where Gallia's boasted navy doubtful rides,
And scarce in home security confides ;
To where the Hollander, 'mid ceaseless gloom,
Envelop'd in the thought-provoking fume ;
Panting dear smoky peace again to see,
Sighs to the rippling of the Zuyder Zee ;—
The destin'd boats the dreaded sign^a await,*
Which, to the faithless sea, commits their fate :

* It is a common opinion, that Bonaparte will contrive his flotillas along the whole extent of coast, to embark the same night and at the same hour, by the aid of beacons that are erected ; but the difference of the tides and currents must prove a fatal obstruction to the execution of this plan, particularly on so irregular a coast as that of France, where there are so many head-lands and indentations. The time of high tide at Ostend is 12h. 1m. Boulogne 16h. 45 m. the bay of Brest 3h. 3m. so that the centre and right wing divisions may sail nearly the same time—the left wing must seize its chance.

And oft upon the rugged-bosom'd storm,
Each future destin'd motion they perform ;
Save that, from which, c'en Gallic heroes shrink,
The fatal evolution,—how to sink !

Now ev'ry morning's sun the Gaul surveys,
And marks which way th' inconstant zephyr
strays ;
And ev'ry neighb'ring vane awakes his fears,
As round the fickle-minded symbol veers :
Now ev'ning mild, with cheek of saintly hue,
On which the sun his mildest radiance threw,
Tempts his apt mind ill-omen'd thoughts to try,
As o'er the solar path he bends his eye ;
And views the orb, his last faint glories shed,
Sink rayless in the deep and wavy bed ;
While round the darkling scene, in sickly bloom,
A doubtful radiance hovers o'er his tomb.

On the wild beach, in sad and cheerless mood,
The trembling Gaul the scene foreboding view'd ;

And many a dread conclusion thence would
draw ;

And many a soldier's fate he plainly saw ;
And curs'd, as homewards sad he bent his way,
The fell ambition nations oft obey.

Th' eventful hour to action calls the foe ;
Straight from the east the steady breezes blow ;
Drive from their troublous post each watchful
fleet,

And pelt the heavy air with hissing sleet.
The weary sun with faint and gloomy eye,
Drives lab'ring through the thick and murky sky ;
And scarcely, through the mists which cloud his
way,

Emits a beam to note that it is day ;
But swiftly down his western road he wheels,
With night impatient breathing at his heels ;
While glooms, more thick than round fell Pluto
reign,

Dwell brooding o'er the dark and restless main ;
As though old ocean, conscious of the blow,
Shrunk from the chain the tyrant would bestow.

By telegraphic aid, the fatal sign,
From the strong centre spread along the line ;
And many a soldier hung his drooping head,
And many a bitter tear was vainly shed ;
And many a mother wip'd her moisten'd eye ;
And many a maid suppress the rising sigh.

Meanwhile the must'ring troops approach the
strand,
And quit, with doubtful step, their native land ;
And many a youth of sad misgiving mind,
Found some excuse for loitering behind ;
Some maid with fond deceitful hopes to cheer,
And sighing check the half-averted tear ;
A hasty kiss the youthful warrior takes,
While the sad maid with dire forebodings shakes ;
And straight the bounding hero fearless runs,
Nor more the death-directing navy shuns.

Sweet maid ! forbid the ling'ring passion
weak,
To steal the damask from thy lovely cheek ;

The youth for whom thus flow those streaming
eyes,'

Shall never see the morning's sun arise ;
His strong arm vainly shall the foe assail,
Nor shall the lesson'd cutlass aught avail ;
Prone in the hidden caverns of the deep,
His mangled corse shall in oblivion sleep ;
Unconscious of the solitary sigh,
That dims the radiance of thy youthful eye ;
Then weeping maid the pleasing hope forego,
And dry the fountains of thy fruitless woe ;
Nor let the fondly ling'ring passion weak,
Steal the fresh damask from thy lovely cheek.

Where the strong centre of th' embattled host,
Waves its proud streamers to the shouting coast,
The shrill-ton'd horn, as conscious of the sound,
Striking attention 'mong the myriads round,
Tells to the warrior crew, and list'ning gales,
Their BONE, their SINEW, BONAPARTE sails !
And straight the licens'd wave bears off the
throng ;
The fresh'ning breeze the burden wafts along ;

The darkling coast soon mocks the aching sight,
Wrapt in the gloom of silence and of night ;
Yet some fond youth, though light its aid denies,
Still towards his slighted soil directs his eyes ;
In thought some musing mournful maiden sees,
Sigh her sweet wishes to the passing breeze.

While far from land th' advent'rous squadron
rides,
Nought, save the signal shrill, or dashing tides
Steals on the list'ning ear,—and ev'ry mind,
Alike for battle as for *sleep* inclin'd,
Thinks on the morrow's dawn in fearful mood,
While fancy with her visionary brood
Peoples the darkling void, and round them
throws,
Imagin'd dangers and ideal foes.

Silence enchains each tongue, each thought-
ful eye,
Marks the dread billows bounding wildly by ;
Indiff'rent some affecting to appear,
And some with *cold* are shaken, some with *fear*.

On gilded couch reclin'd, the Consul grave,
Lists to the rolling of each passing wave ;
And counts each rapid hour's successive flight,
And hopes, yet fears for morn's returning light.

Th' advent'rous host that croud around his
throne,
And with their hero's fate pursue their own ;
Their life, or death, or fame and fortune trace,
As change the varied passions in his face.
Elated now he seem'd, his sparkling eye
Lit up the fires his bright'ning looks supply ;
Yet ever and anon the tempest stole
O'er the faint sunshine of his mighty soul ;
The cheerless gloom around its influ'nce threw,
And damp'd the ardour of the wav'ring crew ;
And rougher rose the angry swelling seas,
And swifter blew the battle-hast'ning breeze.

Ere yet the fleecy morn with doubtful light,
Scared the drear visions of the drowsy night ;

The distant din of cannon struck the ear ;
Aw'd the bold front and shook the thoughtful
rear :

The streaming fire illumes night's dusky cheek ;
Athwart the gloom the vivid lightnings streak.
Each mind suspended listen'd to the roar,
And wo'd the breeze, and panted for the shore.

And now th' impatient morn in shadowy
shroud,
Breath'd on the borders of the eastern cloud ;
And faintly peeping, o'er the ocean th'ew
Her mantle pale and beam of sickly hue.

See the left wing embattled with the foe,
Shrinks vainly from the death denouncing blow ;
Some bow their captive ensigns to the brave,
And some descending drink the bitter wave.

And now to leeward of the centre's seen
Th' evad'd foe, with little sea between ;

And now th' avenging squadron onward steers,
 And now the misty-mantled land appears;²
 And nearer peals the threat'ning cannons roar;
 And shallower roll the surges tow'rs the shore.
 Already see the front approach the strand,
 And pour its practis'd legions on the land;
 The lighten'd beats in marshall'd lines recede,
 Nor aught the quick succeeding throng impede.
 Secure the rear, where gentler billows flow,
 Now proudly fires defiance to the foe:
 Whose deeper keels the envious shallows sear,
 And doom to witness sport they cannot share.

² "Trente six heures et un bon vent, les drapeaux François sont planté en Angleterre." This sentence, that has been written on every wall in Calais and along the coast, must include the time of landing the whole divisions from Brest to Ostend. It certainly is not thirty six hours sailing, with a "good wind," from Belougne to the opposite English coast; at least it is more probable that they should come in less, than that they should come *at all*, if they are to be *that* time upon the water.

Now on the must'ring beach the patriot host,
Annoys the foal invader of its coast ;
And press'd by tenfold force, disdain defeat,
But like the lion, fighting they retreat.

Than light'ning swifter ran the ardent flame,
And gun, bell, pistol, squib, the news proclaim ;
The foaming steeds in all directions fly,
The valleys thunder, and the hills reply--
INVASION ! labour redden'd at the sound,
And dash'd th' unfinish'd banble to the ground.
Nature ! O pow'r divine, thy sacred fire
Still warms the stripling and his hoary sire ;
Long may Britanniâ's sons thy gifts retain,
And worlds may threat, and nations arm in vain.

Th' insidious foe, now swelling o'er the coast,
Pour'd on the thick'ning plain their vet'ran host ;
And wav'd their streaming ensigns to the air,
And straight for battle and for toil prepare.

Meanwhile, where sullen northern billows wave,
And Albion's rocky cliffs submissive lave ;

From sad Batavia's drain'd resources wrung,
A made-up mass, from diff'rent nations sprung,
The dawning light disclos'd; ill fated band,
Where many a hero never reach'd the land;
Where many a vet'ran vict'ry own'd before,
Resign'd his honours to th' indignant shore.

At length by dint of numbers still supplied,
Through crimson waves their comrades' blood
had dyed,
The fatal shore they gain, with limbs bestrewn,
Where slaughter's murd'ring sword a pass had
hewn;
And wave their guilty banners to the sun,
And thank their stars and deem their labour done.

Misguided host! in vain th' opposing flood
Drank the rich current of your vet'ran blood;
Your numbers treble told let worlds recruit,
With all the science of the earth to boot;
And ev'ry art that thrifty time reveals,
With fifty Europes dancing at your heels;

’I will nought avail against a nation arm’d,
That looks on death unaw’d and unalarm’d;
Warn’d with one soul, by one resolve upheld,
Bound by one tie and by one pow’r impell’d;
Even as a man prepar’d, unmov’d by fears,
To yield with life what life alone endears.

Soon shall your countless bands, to murder
train’d,
Bite the red surface of the soil they stain’d;
And each pale corse, o’er which no tear is shed,
No dirge is sung, no holy rites are read,
Mature the hand, to heav’ly freedom true,
’Twas destin’d to improv’ish and subdue.

Hist’ry indignant shall the warfare trace
And stamp eternal odium on your race;
And long shall France the hateful contest mourn,
The shame she’s suffer’d and the wrongs she’s
borne;
And curse the wretch she idoliz’d before,
And rue the hour ye left her parent shore.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

General movement of the English forces—Engagement without advantage on either side—Night—Reflection—State of the northern armies—Glance at the general disposition of the English—A peep at the Consul—His reflections—Sarcastic speech—Inducements to conquest—Skirmishing—Daybreak—An English prisoner—Formidable state of the English—General engagement—Result—Conclusion.

—000—

THE sullen sun scarce gain'd his wint'ry height,
Obliquely glancing with his sickly light;
Ere, must'ring up a last and brief farewell,
In which a thousand struggling feelings swell;
Full many a distant troop its home resign'd,
Yielding all lesser int'rests to the wind;

And onward bent to meet th' insulting foe,
And strike, with heav'n-instructed arm, the blow,
That shields, with filial care, its parent isle,
From foreign chains and subjugation vile.

Impatient for the fight, each pressing throng
Seems as 'twould chide the tardy hours aleng.
And now th' increasing host th' invader dares,
Where Gallia's chief his vet'ran bands prepares:
Fell art! that many a muse has taught to flow,
In all the liquid luxury of woe;
Now rattling with the battle's clang sublime,
In rough inverted verse or pomp of rhyme;
And now, with sweetly sympathizing sigh,
Bend o'er the soldier's fate the streaming eye.

The busy troops th' appointed ground define,
Their thunder fix, and form the fatal line.
The bustling din that through the legions runs,
The bray of trumpets and the glare of guns,
Fright sweet reflection from the human mind,
And mad revenge and passion leave behind.

Already hear the cannon's hideous roar
 Sound the dread onset to the trembling shore :
 The panting troops their burnish'd weapons ply,
 And through the air the volley'd thunders fly ;
 Dread devastation hungry marks his prey,
 And hews through crowded ranks his crimson
 way ;
 While at his heels stalks death in breathless haste,
 His victims claiming from th' ensanguin'd waste ;
 No common cause the patriot's ardour guides,
 No common vengeance in the tempest rides.
 A rock of adamant the heroes form,
 And brave the fury of the thickest storm ;
 Immortal courage fires each daring soul,
 Which fearless bears the threat'ning thunder
 roll ;
 Imparting to the scene its dreadfiid charms,
 Sublim'd by danger and the clang of arms.

And now the death-defying charge they sound,
 And o'er the field the conscious coursers bound,

In fatal preparation round they wheel,
And bare their bosoms to the beaming steel ;
While on each wing, arrang'd in dread design,
The gleaming pike terrific breaks the line ;
When rushing through the ranks, the prancing
train

The living slay and trample on the slain.
A thousand arts the routed legions try ;
Again they rally and again they fly ;
Their vet'ran front the Britons still defied,
Again was weaken'd and again supplied ;
Till slaughter, sick'ning at the waste of woes,
Paus'd o'er the ruins that around him rose ;
And sated carnage o'er his banquet breath'd ;
And war awhile his reeking hanger sheath'd.

The setting sun, with ev'ning blushing beam,
Seem'd to reflect the deep ensanguin'd stream ;
And many an anguish'd eye that met his ray,
Then clos'd for ever with the closing day ;
And many an exil'd hero there was doom'd,
To fall unwept, unhonour'd, and untomb'd ;

And many a summer's sun, with joyous train,
Shall see his white bones gleaming on the plain ;
And many a vacant swain shall thither wend,
In mem'ry-must'ring mood, with curious friend ;
And pointing to the relicks, proudly cite
Some oral legend of the bloody fight.

The day with equal contest mark'd each side,
Which no advantage gain'd, and none denied ;
Each wearied pow'r its fainting bands withdrew,
And welcome night and rest devoutly woo ;
And on th' eventful morrow anxious wait,
The light of conquest and the dawn of fate.

Meanwhile the horde that dar'd the northern
strand,
In deep entrenchments sunk th' insulted land ;
And rais'd the shielding mounds with fearful
care ;
And fix'd their cannon frowning on the air :
While many a little troop their toils annoy'd,
And half their fruitless labours still destroy'd ;
From ev'ry side their aid new legions pour,
And ev'ry point with triple force secure ;

Militia, Regular, and Volunteer,
 Throng'd in the front and thicken'd in the rear;
 And wait another sun's decisive light,
 To lead to glory and direct their might.

Night rests with all her clouds upon the scene,
 As though, from human eye, the view to screen;
 And nature, jealous of her mead'd laws,
 Seems as in silent watchfulness to pause!

A thousand wings the rumour wide has spread,
 O'er dales remote and distant mountains fled;
 And ev'ry wind the rousing tale has told,
 And muskets charge and flags themselves unfold.
 "The French are come" distends each mortal
 lungs,
 Faults in age and hisps on infant tongues;
 Strings the strong arm of health, revives the
 weak,
 And brings the colic in consumption's check;
 And ev'ry heart that beats and tongue that croaks,
 And ev'ry foot that steps and eye that rolls,

'Th' inspiring sound impels ; while armies meet,
And clubs and congregations crow'd the street.
Unhous'd, the rich and poor, alike inclin'd,
Live in the bustle of the public mind.

The sinewy smith at crowded hatchway stands,
The fancied sentinel of house and lands ;
Communing with his neighbour, high in glee,
Or taylor lank or barber spruce be he :
In vain old time the passing hours had told,
On drowsy night her heavy optics roll'd ;
In vain the downy god, in opiates skill'd,
His poppies shed or balmy dews distill'd ;
No drooping soul he hushes to repose,
Nor finds one weary winking eye to close ;
As though each mind, in sympathetic care,
Disdain'd the rest that others cannot share.

Now where the thoughtful Gauls, to danger
bred,
Their wings had strengthen'd, and their tents
had spread,

The darkling hours pass on with evil flight ;
Cold damps hang trembling on the brow of
night ;
And lights portentous slant the milky way,
Where destin'd battles gleam, and meteors play.

On costly couch, in labour'd texture wrought,
Where pictur'd knights their silken combats
fought,
Their musing chieftain lay ;—his eye's dim
beam
Bent on himself the intellective stream ;
Soft music pour'd its sweetly soothing sound ;
Arabia breath'd her thousand odours round ;
And aught that painful thought could e'er
control,
And hush to peace the sadly swelling soul,
The languid hero woo'd ; alas in vain !
No pow'r could reach his rank deep-seated pain :
His half-determin'd, half-relenting mind,
Sigh'd for St. Cloud and safer joys behind.
Hope, fickle maid, awhile her charms withdrew ;
Glory no more her cheering clarion blew ;

Reflection bent her golden eye between,
Glancing obliquely at the sunny Seine ;
Where with each rising morn new incense rose,
And mirth alone disturb'd his sound repose.
There plenty pours with lavish hand the wine,
And nerveless ease and sated joys recline ;
There pleasure, with her thousand charms,
invites
To languid leisure and to new delights ;
And laughing love, with wanton flowing vest,
That half unveils her rosy-nippled breast,
Leads on, in silken chain, the rosy hours,
And strews the rugged path of life with flow'rs.

Dread contrast ! now rude danger mocks the
mind,
Moves in each sound and breathes in ev'ry wind.
Where'er he bend, determin'd foes await,
Whose bosoms bear him everlasting hate.
No tardy pow'r, disputing but to yield,
Drags its reluctant armies to the field ;

'Tis Britain ! empress of the boundless main,
With pow'r and will, her empire to maintain ;
Defying nought, except to be defied ;
That neither *dares*, nor *fears* the world beside ;
Unus'd, when threat'ning clouds around her
low'r,
To wink at insult or to crouch to pow'r :
SHE 'tis that braves him to the single fight,
With gleaming lance and eye for ever bright ;
The toil of war and rival pow'r to date ;
To rise with glory or to sink with fate.

The thoughtful chief, thus musingly inclin'd,
Revolv'd her hist'ry in his doubtful mind ;
When, starting from his couch, with hideous
look,
The growing weakness from his soul he shook,
And call'd "to arms,"—his puppet slaves with-
draw,
His eye their signal and his word their law.
In hurried pace he measures o'er his tent,
By adverse views and diff'rent passions bent.

And now the servile chiefs attend his will,
And wait his views they live but to fulfil.

With doubtful tongue, and eyes that dimly
tell

The lab'ring woes that in his bosom swell,
The hero thus his gall would fain impart,
In airy phrases, from a heavy heart.

“ Ere yet another sun; with crimson dye,
Shall streak the curtains of the eastern sky,
Yon puny host their parent earth must bite,
Or seek their safety in inglorious flight.

Their choicest troops already press the soil,
Fall'n 'neath the ardour of your recent toil.
Their comrades, nought in number, or in mind,
In dreams decamp or tremble at the wind;
A realm of drapers or a band of boys,
By fashion drawn, or come to hear the noise;
Mere remnants of the ware they're wont to sell,
That learnt by day to wheel, at night to spell;
With tactics glean'd from ancient corp'ral's
croak,
Who heard the battle or who smelt the smoke;

Whose heroes dane'd attendance on his skill,
In shops to *countermarch*, or attic drill !
THESE are the warriors that the palm dispute,
Which gentlemen and shopkeepers recruit.*
One shout shall, from your daring vet'ran hosts,
Slay them with fear, or scare them from their
posts.

Her few train'd bands the doubtful foe divides,
To splice some knowledge in on diff'rent sides ;
Thus are her legions equaliz'd for fight,
Strengthen'd in numbers but decreas'd in might.
Ere eve again, in robes of ling'ring light,
With dusky fingers draws the veil of night,
LONDON ! the mart of commerce, goal of fate ;
Swol'n with her wealth, and weak with her own
weight ;

Whose spires, that vainly would the skies invade,
Wrap their proud columns in the clouds she
made ;

* As the French have termed us a nation of shopkeepers, they
will excuse us if we wish to *keep* our shops !

London shall greet your tents, reward your toil;
Cheering memento of the morrow's spoil.
Her haughty dames shall round your legions
 press,
With charms more beauteous in the soft distress;
And sighing woo, with love's attemper'd pride,
That shelter which her dastard sons denied.
Dear sacred sex! that still, the soldier's dow'r,
Tenders to valour's form its soothing pow'r;
Pleasures divine that from the gods descend,
Heroes alone can merit or defend."

" Our comrades, that the northern coasts
 have dar'd,
Perhaps, ere now, the glorious sport have
 shar'd;
Quick, and be this the watchword of our posts,
London our quarters, and its dames our hosts!
Draw your bright swords."—and quick his own
 he drew,
And straight the weapons from their scabbards
 flew :

“ Awhile its tame inglorious case disown.”
And round the tent the peaceful sheaths were
thrown.

“ Whatever may betide our fate to day,
Or toil await, or force obstruct our way ;
Sure-as to-morrow’s sun shall rise, ’twill shine
On our pale mangled corses, or our wine.
If there be aught among ye, let him speak,
Whose doubtful blood deserts his martial cheek ;
Of selfish youth who dreads the glorious strife,
With clam’rous organs craving loud for life :
Or plodding age, whose callous nerve denies
The thrilling flame that through the hero flies ;
Whose prudent soul has lost, in youth’s high
flood,
The fire of fancy with its flow of blood ;
I blame ye not,—to safer posts retire,
Bring up the rear and listen to the fire.
And, if against us, fate the day should doom,
Let not your hands unhelply raise our tomb ;
Let each brave soldier’s sacred corse remain,
Prone on the spot that saw the hero slain.

Long, to the heav'ns expos'd, our bones shall
dwell,

And you shall joyous live the place to tell ;
And warriors shall your company entreat,
And make you still our noble deeds repeat ;
And you shall see, while heroes' tears shall flow,
The deep'ning blush that in the cheek shall
glow.

Quick ! 'tis your safety urges, join the rear—
What ! have we then no prudent heroes here ?
Then heav'n our enterprize has kindly view'd ;
Proud islanders, you are indeed subdued !
Swear Gauls to follow me, 'twas all I sought ;
In fate already is the battle fought ;
Swear, and be each triumphant sword the book.”
And straight the oath each glowing hero took.
“ High heav'n it's seal has giv'n ;—quick to
your posts ;
London our quarters and its dames our hosts !”
And straight the tent th' inspired destroyers fled,
And instant action through the ranks was spread.

With cautious steps along the darkling waste,
The trembling troops pass on in fearful haste ;
In ev'ry tree some fancied danger stirr'd ;
In ev'ry breeze some doubtful sound was heard ;
And still no watchful out-post gave th' alarm ;
And still no dreadful volley broke the charm.
The foe, no doubt, a further contest flew,
And bolder now the Gallic legions grew ;
With firmer step the unknown ground they
tread,
By devious road or glimm'ring pole-star led.
And now the ambush'd foe, with hidden fires,
Flanks the proud legions and unseen retires ;
Now dimly through the dusky air, they spy
Aërial bands and glitt'ring squadrons fly ;
And now at hand their volleys strike the ear ;
And silence follows, and no foes appear :
And now at distance gleam their weapons bright ;
Again invisible, again in sight.
Like will-o'-whisps they dance as Gauls pursue ;
Like will-o'-whisps they lead to danger too ;
And now more numerous their bands arise,
And louder thunder through the valley flies.

The Gallic host returns the brisk salute,
And thronging legions join in the pursuit ;
The British troops th' unequal field resign'd,
But left one wild and blasted heath behind.
Through smoking towns, their hands had fired,
 they bend,
Nor fled while aught was worthy to defend.

O'er the dread scene where slow the Britons
 fly,
The foul invader rolls his scowling eye ;
And sees no vestige of its fruits remain ;
Nor aught of human-kind, except the slain.
The conflagration sheds a hideous light ;
That streams terrific o'er the brow of night ;
And Boreas rude the blazing ruin blows ;
And wider round the spreading horror grows ;
The mounting flames their fell assistance threw,
And partially dislos'd the dreadful view ;
Whiie cheerless Gauls bent musing o'er their
 dead,
And disappointed plunder droop'd its head.

And now the misty morn, with dewy eye,
Hung her pale mantle in the eastern sky ;
And solemn night, her long and sable vest
Trail'd o'er the dusky mountains of the west.
And dimly now the trembling beams disclos'd
Their real ills, and fancied ones expos'd.
The gallie chief, in sadly musing mood,
The smoky waste and mangled prospect view'd ;
And diff'rent cares his mighty soul annoy'd ;
And varying views his troubled mind employ'd ;
When thronging round, his dutous slaves
 present
An English captive to the hero's tent ;
Who promis'd much of moment to unfold,
If e'er alone their chief he could behold.
With scrup'lous care their hands had search'd his
 dress,
And nought of danger could the foe possess ;
And now they wait, submissive, his reply,
The pris'ner's boon to grant, or to deny.
The consul wav'd his hand, in silent awe,
And straight his slaves their abject train with-
 draw ;

And on the couch his languid form he threw,
The captive hero more at ease to view.

Erect he stood, and from his eye's dread beam,
The workings of his soul appear'd to stream;
To toil and want his frame had been inur'd,
And fated for the labour it endur'd.
His nervous arm by nature seem'd design'd,
To work the deed suggested by his mind;
Dread on his sunny brow decision reign'd,
And Gallie gore his dingy vestments stain'd.
His blood, the fight bade to his cheek repair,
In crimson glow still faintly linger'd there,
As, into words, his daring purpose broke,
And to th' intrepid chieftain thus he spoke.

“ The god of war, who dooms with orders wise
The high to suffer or the low to rise,
Directs my fate; and never yet the brave
Abus'd the pow'r the god of battles gave.

What brought me here, can ne'er degrading
show

Me as an Englishman, and you my foe.
You know our nation not, if e'er you thought
Our isle was to be conquer'd or be bought:
Your state has thus its weak resources drain'd,
And ev'ry nerve to dang'rous tightness strain'd,
To raise this giant armament, design'd
To tame the ocean and enchain the wind.
O! labour lost! go build on Afric's sand
Th' inverted pyramid, and bid it stand;
A lion tempt, and bid him be at play;
Dive in Charybdis and ascend to day;
The virgin's fame forbid to be aspers'd;
A bubble blow and bid it not to burst:
Do this, and even then, dare not to dream
Of that which yet more difficult must seem,
To conquer Britain—O! what blood must flow
Ere this small isle shall crouch to foreign foe;
Would blur the face of heav'n with hideous
glare,
And damn its victor to eternal care,

Our grounds of war, or just or not be they,
This is no time for learn'd dispute to sway ;
Britons ne'er stop, when danger takes the lead,
To causes scan, or proclamations read.
You'll find in us, no Dutchman to control,
Of foggy courage and of vap'ry soul ;
Indif'rent who decides his earthly doom,
So round him wreathes the idly curling fume :
No Spaniard here retreats before the tide,
And purchases his freedom with his pride ;
Whose lordly soul, still sparring with its foe,
Resents a wink and overlooks a blow.
Should your fell legions half o'errun our isle,
And conquest on your wolfish armies smile ;
Accurs'd the Briton who would meanly treat,
While his lov'd soil's polluted by your feet."

“ Bend o'er this goodly scene your careful
eye,
And mark you light'ning playing in the sky ;
'Tis the bright glimm'ring of unnumber'd guns,
Which mock the splendor of a thousand suns.

A realm of heroes now your bands empale,
Swell o'er yon hill and thicken in the vale!"

" Your northern hosts, some taken and some slain,
In prisons groan, or press th' ensanguin'd plain.
With quick resolve, ere night's oppressive air
In slumbers seal'd the heavy eye of care ;
Th' impatient Britons, by their ardour led,
Th' intrenchments storm'd which hid each coward's head ;
And scuttling to their boats th' invaders flew,
And death and slaughter at their heels pursue.
Th' unlimber'd barks receiv'd the crowding throng,
And danger nodded as they rock'd along :
Some with their weight were sunk, the rest, the wave
And pouring cannon to the bottom gave.
And now th' indignant troops, wing'd with their rage,
Press onward Gallia's chieftain to engage."

“ When drowsy night her dark meridian
gain’d,
And stillest silence o’er the vallies reign’d ;
Our wakeful band withdrew its little host,
To draw your dreaming plund’rers from the
coast ;
And ere again the fatal spot they gain,
Your straggling out-skirts doubtfully maintain,
These fruitful fields shall bleeding Gauls bestrew,
And yon bright sky reflect the crimson hue.
This day, that Britons long shall name with pride,
The doctrine of invasion shall decide ;
The name a word of scorn shall now appear,
At which grey age shall smile, and children sneer ;
And this, than others more absurd shall rise ;
The theme of fools and laughter of the wise :
A field, where learned pedants shall contend,
And satire snarl, and wit his arrows bend :
A sea of bubbles that a breath gave birth,
And which a breath again dissolv’d to earth ;
A bugbear, that the wond’ring few amaz’d ;
Unworthy of the energies it rais’d.”

“ Rouse Corsican ! thy drowsy troops prepare,
List ! 'tis thy enemy that beats the air ;
The fight that round thee woos thy vet’ran bands,
Now in the scale of action trembling stands ;
Bow thy long-boasted banners to the brave,
Or carve thy passage to a speedy grave !”

The Gallic chief, as though by instinct rose,
And heard, or thought he heard his shouting
foes :

He bade the captive hero free retire,
Whither and when inclin’d his own desire :
And straight he mounts his ardent breathing
steed,

And life and action in his troops succeed.

“ To arms” the chiefs read in his kindling eye,
And o’er the field in all directions fly.

Th’ approaching foe now seeks the fatal fight,
And skirts the distant plain with glimm’ring light.
An awful silence in the Gauls appears ;
Each hero trembles with unwonted fears ;

Some pious raise to heav'n th' appealing eye ;
In whisper'd pray'r some break the rising sigh ;
As o'er the scene th' embattled line they form,
And wait, with sinking hearts, th' impending
 storm.

Dread prelude of accurs'd and hell-born war,
The brave must still condemn, the good abhor.

Already hear the cannon, loud and low,
Give the dread challenge to th' invading foe ;
Echo repeats in lower'd tone the sound,
Which quick again the neighb'ring hills rebound.
The Gallic host the gallant sign replies,
And back the compliment'ry thunder flies ;
As though gaunt death and hungry war, at play,
Would try their hands, ere fate commenc'd the
 fray.

And nearer now the swelling vengeance roar'd ;
Slaughter impatient eyed his gleaming sword ;
Till in one deaf'ning din the fires confound,
And lesser ills in greater ones are drown'd ;

And havoc, in the smoke that round him blew,
Conceal'd the victims that his anger slew.

And now some daring band, in dread design,
Sounds the rash charge and rushes on the line ;
And carnage mark'd, with bloody hand, the
ground,
Where valour's noble form a grave had found.

Now in the centre rag'd the battle most,
And sickle conquest flew from host to host ;
And now the Gauls receding doubt the day ;
And now the Britons in their turn give way ;
Again each steady line its foe defied,
And war with equal hand maintain'd each side ;
And now the Gallic chief rode through the
ranks,
And gave to some his council, some his thanks ;
And quicker on the foe descends his ire,
And back the foe returns the deep'ning fire
Till faint with toil, their rage the Gauls
restrain'd ;
A slacken'd fire their weaken'd lines maintain'd.

The chieftain saw, and with a warrior's eye,
The fates against his cause the day deny.
Like lightning o'er the field his orders flew ;
A doubtful rage his drooping bands renew ;
And, in obedience to the wish'd relief,
Slowly concentrate round their gallant chief.
A chosen band around the hero clos'd,
But still a show of strength their front oppos'd ;
And cheerless towards the shore the consul drew,
And saw behind his slowly yielding crew.
Th' observant Britons mark'd the Gauls' design,
And pour'd their angled thunders on their line.

Cut from their centre, some despairing stray,
And bend, by diff'rent routes, their doubtful
way.

Through ev'ry village where a straggler flies,
New foes he finds of diff'rent sex and size ;
Who seize with ardent and insulting joy,
Aught that the fell invader can annoy ;
And stones and dirt fly pelting through the air,
While grandamies through their glassy optica
stare :

The blind, who nothing else could do, would
roar,

And damsels throw, who never threw before ;
And rustic youths their sturdy stakes display'd ;
And dogs instinctively the monsters bay'd :
Some yield their honours to the clownish crew,
While others still their devious course pursue ;
And join their comrades in the scene of blood,
Cover'd with glory less I ween than mud !

Slowly retreating see the Gauls appear,
And dreadful carnage preys upon their rear ;
Their gen'ral, guarded with his vet'ran host,
With heavy heart now gain'd the wish'd for
coast ;
Where a few chosen bands maintain their
ground,
Though danger in a thousand shapes surround ;
While waiting feets their watchful crews dispose,
Their short career of misery to close !

See, Gauls, the sun declines in bloody steam
Of crimson clouds which shade his ev'ning beam ;

And hideous night comes scowling o'er the main,
That opes its hungry caverns for your slain ;
While at your heels th' avenging Britons press,
Hot with their rage and glowing with success.

The Consul now his waiting vessel sought,
Assail'd by billows and devour'd by thought ;
And heard the screamings of his murder'd crew,
Which, to the list'ning heav'ns, accusing flew.

The distant cries now fainter rose behind,
Lost in the dismal howlings of the wind.
His weakly bark, the bounding billows bear
From fleeting danger to eternal care ;
And night, the parent, pilot of his fame,
The hero guides to safety and to shame.

Go, valiant chief, thy envied story tell ;
Say how thy legions fought, and how they fell ;
Say how subdu'd Britannia's sons remain ;
Her armies crippled and her heroes slain ;
And send some ruffian Gaul, some fav'rite son,
The work to finish thou hast nearly done.

Steer, happy chieftain, to thy favour'd land,
And hail thy shouting vassals on the strand ;
And long their gen'ral live, their foes destroy ;
And long thy fame endure, thy pow'r enjoy.

* * * * *

Night flaps her jealous wings with broken
rest,
And cow's with troubled pinions o'er the west ;
The blushing morn with tim'rous beam advanc'd,
And o'er the hideous prospect trembling glanc'd ;
Where mangled limbs in dread confusion lie,
And shed a purple horror on the sky.

Here lay the Gaul, a rocking corse expos'd,
His fate unpitied, and his eye undos'd ;
And there, in writhing pain, the Briton gasp'd,
And e'en in death di' avenging weapon grasp'd ;
And here the valiant, or resign'd his breath,
Who, by his own, oppo'd his country's death.

Rest, sacred shades ! and holy be the ground
Where'er each bleeding patriot corse be found ;

For you a grateful nation long shall mourn,
And nought but solemn sable weeds be worn:
A nation shall your fun'ral rites prepare ;
A nation's sighs shall steal upon the air ;
And where your sacred reliks peaceful sleep,
Its sons shall musing bend, its daughters weep ;
And dear shall be the spot where rests your clay,
Though empires totter and though states decay !

Rest holy manes—ever honour'd brave ;
Still be the guardians of the fame ye gave ;
And when insulting tyrants threat our coast,
Your sacred names shall animate our host.



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An Introduction to the Study of Moral
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With an Appendix, On Debating for Victory
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